Poor Robins CHARACTER, Of an Honest Drunken Curr:

With a Relation of the Frollicks of his Life, and Conversation

AND HIS

EPITAPH.

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Poor Robins CHARACTER. Of an Honest Drunken Curr.

HE's a Pickel'd Youth to be sure, for he always lyes steep'd in his own Liquor; of which like a Whale, he carries so much about him, that when ever he Disgorges, he may Swim away in his own Flood. Clap but a good Sucker into his Belly, and he makes an excellent Parish Pump: and if you add but a Pipe to his Muzle, he may pass for a Water Engine, and do good service in time of Fire; you need not fear Drawing him dry, so long as all the Ale-houses, and Taverns in Town, like little Rivulets, supply the decrease; He contains about as much as those in Churches; but is so uncooth a Trough, he's twice as hard to be Gauged: yet by frequent experience, he can guess his Measure to a Pint, especially if you ex-

cept Leakage: His Veins are ſo thronged, and his Blood ſo tainted with Scurvey, Gout, and Dropſie, (and a ſmatch of the *French-man* to boot, which he got when he was Drunk, and does not know who to lay it too.) That he defies the intruſion of any other Diſtemper: wherefore he Stalks in as much State through a Peſtilence; as a well Arm'd Souldier through a ſhower of Bullets, for his forementioned Diſeaſes have taken ſuch large Poſſeſſion of his Body, that there's no room left for Infection.

He has drunk himſelf into a Jelly, and is ſo moiſt, that if you ſqueeſe him, he drops like an Orange.

His Body a perfect Still, which he Fuells with Brandy; inſtead of Char-coal; being throughly heated, you may diſcern the ſweaty Diſtilation tricle from his face, as from the Lid of a Limbick, and if any chance to drop on his Noſe, you may hear it hiz as if it fell upon heated Bricks. In fine though he always lives Joakingly and Merry, he hates nothing more then a dry Jeſt.

Thus having acquainted you with his Conſtitution, I ſhall only conſider him in his Converſation, and Friendſhip, and ſo leave him to ſleep out his nap.

And firſt for his Converſation, to take him in the Morning (for who can find him all the Day after) he prevents his Pray'rs with a Pipe of Tobicco, and Smoaks at ſuch a Rate as if he pref'r'd Sacrifice to Devotion. A Tinder-box is as neceſſary to him, as a green Bagg to an Atturney's Clark, with which he ſeems as raviſh'd as *Alexander* with the Odiſſes, for he cannot ſleep unleſs it lye under his Pillow. In that little night he makes, he cannot ſo properly ſaid to ſleep, as to Chew the Cud [illegible]

often disturbs the repose of a Family, with Muttering a Repetition of his Oaths, and Healths when he awakes, he stares about with such wild Curiosity, as one would fancy *Adam* did immediately after his Creation; for he generally makes himself so Drunk over Night, drowning his past actions in Liquor and Oblivion, that he scarcely knows the Morning from the Resurrection, and is hardly perswaded that ever he lived before.

But after he is convine'd of the affirmative spends about a quarter of an Hour in examining the Bed-posts and Windows, before he discovers whether he be in his own Lodging: And afterward remains as doubtful how he got thither.

Then Bed-staves, and Slip-shoo's go to Wrack, for clattering on the Bed-stead, like Boys at the Bear-Garden; he calls up the People as Country Wenches do Swine, by knocking; and after a Petition for a Cup of Settle-Brain, begs them to resolve his Quærie: Whereupon they tell him the truth, which indeed is that either he came the old Porterly way, Crutch'd with a brace of Watch-men; or else the Modern and more Genteel way, *viz.* On Pick-pack, instead of a Sadan.

Now although my *Honest Drunken Curr* be guilty of many Vices, which like Younger Brothers hang on this great one which has got possession: Yet (*Give the Devil his due*) I think the World has Sully'd his Reputation with divers Scandals of which he is no wise Guilty: Wherefore because I only intend his Conversion not his Consumption; Like an honest Historian (since I Write his Life) I ought not to see him wrong'd, but rather to rescue him from those Callumnies that [illegible] on him, by parsons in some [illegible]

The first imputation therefore that they impose on him is that he is proud, *and why forsooth?* because when he has a *Dram in his Eye*, he brags and vapours as if he were a better man than his Neighbours. A stout reason indeed? as if any man might not do as much that were either Light-headed, or in a Fevour; Nay, a Passion alone makes the wisest of us *Bethlehems*. But let us do as we would be done by, and take him when he is himself, (that is in a Morning,) and then I am sure he is as free from Pride, as a Quaker from good Manners or Ribbons: For would Custome admit, I am confident he would never go to the Ale-house Naked, than undergo the hard Pennance of Sobriety the while he dresses himself.

Secondly, They call him an Idle fellow; a good fellow all the World knows he is, but as for Idleness, let me dye if I know any one more free from it than he; What would they know of him trow? he rises early, sits up late; and I dare Swear he grudges himself his very Sleep, because it keeps him from his Businesse: When he is at it, no man more expeditious than he, for as if his minutes, like his Estate, ran away too fast, you shall frequently see him with an Ale-Glass in one hand, and a Looking-Glass in the other, which betokens both speed and frugality.

The third and most fallacious Accusation is that they say, *He's Prodigal, and Pisses his Estate against the Wall.* But I am confident he enriches nor Perfumes the Walls no more than others; onely this I know he does, that whereas Usurers use to hide their Riches in Earth Pots, he puts his Estate in a Pewter one (which one would think were the safer Cabinet) so that it is not the *Honest Drunken Cur*, but the Impudent Rogues, *Drawers*, and *Tapsters*, that imbezle and make it away.

Much

Much more might be ſaid of him both in his Vindication, and in Commendation alſo: For he is one of the quieteſt Subjects his Majeſty has, and moſt ſubmiſſive to Monarchyal Government: He would not be without a King, if it were for no other Reaſon than meerly Drinking his Health. He hates Coffee as *Mahometaizm*, and thinks it a Leſſer ſin to go to Bed Drunk, than to Drink it to make him Sober.

He hates a Studious man as *Caſar* did a Lean one, and for the ſame Reaſon, for he is ſo confident he's hatching of Treaſon, that he could find in his Heart to impeach him at adventure.

As for his Friends he never troubles his Head to pick and cull them, but takes them as ſuperannuated Maids do Husbands, or Fiſh-women do Mackerel, as they come next to hand: For fixing himſelf in the next Ale-houſe or Tavern he comes at; at firſt he ſits as ſullenly as a degraded Courtier, or an Inſurer upon Advice of a Loſs And no leſs than a Quart of *Purle-Royal*, or Two *Kicks in the Guts* can remove his Moroſity. After he has digeſted either of them, perchance he'l vouchſafe to bleſs you with a Smile, eſpecially if you will purchaſe it at the expence of a Bawdy Song; to which you ſhall ſee him turn head, and liſten as heedfully as a Lynnet to a Flaijolet, but infinitely more eaſie to be Taught.

When you have done, tis twenty to one but he comes and hugs you; ſwearing you are the moſt accompliſht *Gentleman* that ever he met in his Life; and tho he never ſaw you before, from that time you may date his Friendſhip: He makes Friends faſter than Children do Babies; and like them too, he often forgets where he has left them.

His

His Reason like a bad Shop-keeper is seldom at home, or rather like a Country Gentleman, has left the Manour of his own Body; and is gone to dwell in strange Lodgings: So that 'tis no wonder, he's Hobgoblin'd by his fiery Nose to any Debauchery, or that Men call him Beast; since by giving Reins to his Sensuality, he makes so perfect a *Swine* of himself, that he Drinks till he can hardly *Grunt*. However, since the Church allows him Christian Burial, I'le *Hopkins* and *Sternhold* him with

An Epitaph.

Here Lyes Drunken *Tom*,
Whom Heav'n in mercy save,
He stumbel'd o're his Death,
And reel'd into his Grave.

FINIS.